

# AGE OF CHIVALRY OR WILD BEAST'S LAIR?

ANOTHER great thing has gone toppling over in the ruin of the world. It is Bushido.

Most of us have seen this curious word in the papers. It seemed that there might be something precious in it. If a captured soldier was anxious as to how the Japs would treat him the Jap would comfort him with some such word as *Trust Bushido*. It was the way of the warrior, the law according to which a Japanese noble should behave in peace or in war. It was Chivalry.

Alas, it is no more. The morals, the humanity, the honour of Bushido would disgrace a pack of wolves. They are the words of the jungle. It had seemed that there was nothing so low as a Nazi, but the Bushido Jap has reached the depth. It is clear that Japs and Nazis have organised the loathsome things of the earth into their philosophy of conquest.

## The Nazi Idea

It is this that we have to get out of the world if life is to be possible when all this is over. We have to get out of the minds of two great nations, East and West, the idea that the world can be ruled like a hyena's den. That is the contribution of Adolf Schickelgruber to the philosophy of the modern world. That is the gospel to which his Slave State has bowed down. That is the understanding behind his enslavement of a dozen nations. As far as he is a thinking man at all, the gospel according to Schickelgruber is the gospel of the tiger and the snake. He would reverse Evolution and go back to the abyss.

WE have to set against this a gospel of our own, the gospel of the Age of Chivalry that is not dead and never has been. As long as there are those who live the Christian way the Age of Chivalry is alive. Its knights no longer ride to tournament. Their deeds are not emblazoned on glittering banners and trumpeted before the world, but through their lives they sow the seeds of chivalry as did King Arthur's Knights.

## Chivalry Will Not Lie

It was said of a great Roman that the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, *This was a man*; and we may say of chivalry that the virtues so mix in it that Virtue might stand up and say, *This is the noblest virtue of them all*.

Chivalry has in it the love of courtesy, the courage that never quails, the will to suffer pain for others, the zeal that wears life out in a great cause, a boundless pity for the poor, a burning passion to right a wrong, an unutterable scorn for cruelty, a deep yearning not to be a burden to the world, a passion for righteousness and justice, a readiness to run the race regardless of the prize, the willingness to help the strugglers and the failures, and to be to some poor soul "the cup of strength in some great agony."

CHIVALRY is that great thing that all may have but no millionaire can buy. One of our officers in the American Revolution offered a general a bribe of ten thousand guineas, and it was chivalry which answered him—"Gentlemen, I am poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me." Regulus loved his life more than his chains, but he loved honour over all, and went back to Carthage to die. Crowdog loved his wife and his two little boys, but the Americans had trusted his

honour as a Red Indian and he went back under sentence of death. Chivalry will not lie.

And chivalry pays its way through the world. It will not crawl through it on somebody's back. It knows what it owes to thousands of men who have starved in attics and toiled in workshops and worn out their lives that the world might be a clean and happy place. It does not want our soldiers to fight while others dawdle. It does not want our sailors to die in bringing petrol for people to drive to dog tracks. It does not want our pilots to take their perilous flights night after night for those who do not care and will do nothing.

CHIVALRY will do what it can. It will honour the unwritten bond between every man and his country. If there is a little more that it can do it will do it. If there is a little more it can give up it will give it up. It counts no sacrifice too great that will shorten this universal anguish and bring back tranquillity to the world. It lays on every one of us the call to save and not to waste, to lend and not to spend, to work and not to play, to give our strength and our lives if need be to the country that has given us all. It calls upon us all, while trying to speed the Ship of State, not to hinder those whose burden is the saving of the world.

## The Flag

The daffodils are coming again, and we think of all the years they have bloomed in our lovely countryside, of all the years of happiness that lie behind us. It has been a brave land for us. No German eagle, no crooked cross, flies over us, but the flag of chivalry for a thousand years. It has braved the battle and the breeze since Alfred loved the Truth and gave his people books to read. It has caught in its folds the dauntlessness of men like Francis Drake, who singed a king's beard but never hurt the hair of a woman's head. Flying over battlefields it has caught the glow of men like Philip Sidney. Flying in the Polar snows it has thrilled with the pride and grief of Captain Scott. It has seen a million of our men die for it in our own generation, sharing their adventures in the fields of death. It has been with our people in their darkest hours, and, flying from many a mast and tower and steeple, it has drawn to itself the homely virtues of our island race.

## Let Us Endure With Good Courage

It is this we have to put against the Jap's Bushido and the Nazi's crooked cross. It is the lack of this that has left Germany in the world without a friend, will leave Japan without a friend, and will make Italy the scorn of history. It is for each one of us to see that we cherish chivalry over all, the chivalry enshrining justice and goodwill.

THE acts of our lives make up the nation's life; none of us is without our influence in the world. Let us be ready to endure with good courage and to suffer loss with dignity and honour. Let us scorn to be ignoble whatever may befall. Let us remember the proud name we bear and the glory it has given the world. Let us in this dark hour light up our hard-pressed Island with the bright glow of the lamp that has shown the way from the Dark Ages until now, the Lamp of Chivalry.

Arthur Mee

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## An Idea Wanted For the World's Biggest Waste Heap

WHILE we are all carefully saving every scrap of paper it is astonishing to learn that in America and Canada the paper-making industry is wasting material on a stupendous scale. What is being wasted is not paper itself, but a by-product of the manufacturing.

In converting the wood of coniferous trees into pulp for paper there is a dark sticky residue called lignin, a substance contained in the cell-walls of plants. The degree to which the cellular framework of wood is impregnated with lignin governs its hardness or softness, and about a quarter of the weight of the wood used for paper consists of lignin.

The great American and Canadian paper-mills pour out something like three million tons of it in a year, and they do not know

what to do with it! It is probably the world's biggest waste.

Research has been going on for many years to find useful ways of disposing of it, but, though chemists have discovered various means of using it commercially, the demand has so far been so small that for every ton utilised 2000 tons are wasted.

Two of the ways in which lignin can be used are in the manufacture of synthetic rubber and plastics, and it is probable that the wartime pressure on these industries will absorb an ever-growing amount of this waste. There are other uses for it—in tanning leather, softening water, and making roads, and we are also told (though we fear it will be of little interest to CN readers until after the war) that lignin can also be used as the basis of a vanilla flavouring for ice-cream!

## Cycling in Nyasaland



Real bicycles are used in Nyasaland, but this young Native has produced his own version of an up-to-date model, with the help of an axe and a knife, and some wood, tree bark, and a few pieces of wire



# WILL SIR STAFFORD BRING UNITY TO INDIA?

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS will soon be home again. May he bring us all good news from the East.

Sir Stafford has been visiting India, the bearer to its leaders of the new plan for immediate and future unity to which the British Government has unanimously agreed. It was their hope that by sending so distinguished a statesman, so well known as a great friend of India and so free from bias, the long-delayed agreement between Hindu and Moslem, to say nothing of smaller parties in that great country, could be achieved.

It is hoped that the people of India will rally wholeheartedly, in the consciousness of their promised freedom and responsibility, to meet the threatened invasion from the East and later to build up a Dominion which will prove a tower of strength for free institutions everywhere. So India would stand, taking an effective part in building up a new world order side by side with Russia, China, America, and its sister Dominions of the British Empire.

The Government of India Act of 1935 provided for autonomous responsible government in the Provinces of British India, and for the setting-up of an All-India Federation composed of the British Indian Provinces and the Indian States.

Though the working of the Provincial Governments had proved somewhat disappointing, the Federation position when war broke out had become most serious, for there were three important parties in the controversy; the Hindu National Congress, formerly led by Mr Gandhi and now by Pandit Nehru, which objected chiefly to the fact that the representatives of the Indian States were to be nominees of the rulers and not elected; the Moslem League, which declared that the Federal provisions gave excessive power to the great Hindu majority; and the Indian States, whose Princes were anxious about interference by Congress and insisted that guarantees and safeguards for the preservation of the sovereignty of their States should be contained in the new Constitution.

All India's parties are agreed in the desire that India should be more free from British rule than now, and Congress has actually

declared that nothing short of independence can be accepted.

On the British side it must never be overlooked that we are still responsible for the defence and well-being of all Indians, and it is our unescapable duty to maintain that position until we are certain that the liberty of the minorities is secure for the future. The Moslems, if less advanced in political and economic education than the Hindus, are the more vigorous race, and the President of their League, Mr Jinnah, has put forward a plan under which areas with Moslems in the majority should be grouped into independent States, like a series of Northern Irelands.

Also opposed to the Congress ascendancy are the 50,000,000 Untouchable Hindus, whose leader (Dr Ambedkar) has said: "No sane person can agree to government by the Hindu majority, for its ideology is Fascist or Nazi, and thoroughly anti-democratic."

Such are the gulfs between the parties; such is the problem to solve. What the British Government proposes is that India immediately after the end of the war should become equal in all respects to all the Dominions, and should call together an elected body which would draw up a new Constitution for India, any province not prepared to accept the Constitution to be allowed to remain as it is.

In spite of the wide divergencies, based on race and religion, it is earnestly hoped that the threatened evil of foreign conquest will knit the people of the great peninsular together, and that the new proposals will become the basis of a new era of happiness, peace, and prosperity for the Union of the Indian Peoples.

## How to Save a Million Tons

A Kent farmer, Mr F. C. Hynard, of Eynsford, writes to The Times a letter from which we take this:

As a practical working farmer, producing 1000 tons of foodstuffs a year, may I question the wisdom of advocating a compulsory seven-day working week for farmers and farm workers? Apart from emergency occasions when work has to be done in the week-ends, it is my experience even in bad seasons that, given an all-out effort when conditions permit, crops can be sown and harvested without Sunday work.

Much greater saving of shipping space could be effected by drastically reducing the consumption of both grain and sugar by the brewing trade, which still amounts to over one million tons per annum, and which in the light of possible starvation simply cannot be justified.

## UNCLE JOHN

The Astronomer-Royal has just reviewed the life of John Brashear, whose name, though little known to the general public, is famous in all the astronomical observatories and elsewhere, for his construction of instruments of the finest precision.

Fine work was his genius and a Brashear instrument is its hallmark. Yet he was a poor millwright, who when young turned his scanty hours of leisure to making for himself, and for the use of his neighbours, a 5½ inch telescope, of which he even learned to grind the lenses. Then he came to the notice of Professor S. R. Langley and invented the Brashear process of silvering reflecting telescope mirrors. But in the years when all the great observatories came to know him he remained plain Uncle John Brashear.

## Little News Reels

IN six weeks, cranesmen at a works near London unloaded from trucks 70,060 tons of steel sheets, equivalent to the combined weight of a battleship, a cruiser, and numerous tanks.

Two or three million acres of land are now being improved by better drainage.

A lorry was sent from Uxbridge on a journey of 160 miles to and from a Hampshire village to carry two iron bedsteads a few hundred yards.

It is believed that this country is now the most mechanised farming country in the world.

The Red Cross sends every week a ten-pound box of food to each of 44,000 British soldiers in German prison camps.

There are now nearly 180,000 boys in the Air Training Corps.

It is hoped that the new Waterloo Bridge across the Thames will be opened in September, when two of the six traffic lines will be ready.

An MP has told the House of Commons that a miner at his work may lose half a stone weight in a day.

An American firm which once manufactured stoves is now building steel lifeboats for ships, 1000 miles from the sea.

THE San Francisco shipyard workers of the Bethlehem Company have presented the Allies with 80,000 working hours by giving up their pay for overtime.

A record of 12,000 tons of scrap was provided by old railings and gates in one week.

During Croydon's waste-paper collection a family album containing photographs of five generations was given up.

## Scout News Reel

REGULAR correspondence is passing between Canadian Scouts of Christ Church Troop, Chatham, Ontario, and English Scouts of Christ Church Troop, Chatham, Kent.

Canadian Scouts have sent vegetable seeds to Scout Headquarters in London for distribution to Troops in England.

At the risk of being suffocated by escaping gas 17-year-old Troop Leader William A. Leigh, of the 19th Fairfield (Liverpool) Scouts, worked for many hours to rescue three people from a bombed house; Leigh has already the George Medal, and now gets the Silver Cross.

Nottingham Scouts are aiming to collect 100 tons of waste paper.

## HOW IT WILL END

By General Smuts

THE Axis cannot possibly win this war; they cannot even bring about a stalemate. The war will inevitably end in their colossal crash, and with their fall will arise the opportunity, unequalled in the history of the world, of rebuilding this world of ours on fairer lines.

## THINGS SEEN

A box of starlings for sale in a fishmonger's shop at Bourne-mouth.

A lorry driver in Piccadilly driving with one hand while taking his lunch with the other.

# A LITTLE DICTIONARY OF OUR FOOD

THE disappearance of many familiar foods from our shops has led to many inquiries as to where they come from in peace time.

The source of many of them is in countries now in enemy hands, while the need for conserving shipping space has brought about strict rationing of others, such as India's tea.

Here we give the sources of some of the foods which are not so plentiful as they were.

**Almond.** The seed of a small tree similar to the peach cultivated in Mediterranean countries.

**Arrowroot.** A pure starch food obtained from the tuberous root of a native plant of Tropical America, largely cultivated in the West Indies.

**Banana.** The clustered fruit of a plantain cultivated in moist hot countries such as the East and West Indies and the Canary Islands.

**Cocoa.** The seeds (or beans) of a small tree of Tropical America, but cultivated widely on the Gold Coast.

**Coconut.** The kernel of the coarse-fibred nut of a palm growing in the Tropics. Dried, this kernel is known as copra, from which oil is obtained for use in soap, margarine, and cattle cake.

**Coffee.** The seeds of the cherry-like fruit of a big evergreen shrub native to Abyssinia, East and West Africa, and South America. With over 3000 million cultivated trees Brazil supplies three-quarters of the world's needs. British East Africa is now our chief source.

**Currant.** Named after Corinth, where the grape-currant was first cultivated. This dried fruit so rarely appears in our cakes because the supply from Greece has failed; she sent us over £1,000,000 worth a year.

**Date.** The sweet pulpy fruit of a tall palm grown extensively in North Africa, South-West Asia, India, and China, the staple food of nomad races. It was the leaves of the date palm that were strewn on the ground at Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

**Fig.** The fruit of the Common Fig, a native tree of Asia Minor, having long been cultivated in southern Europe and other warm lands. The Romans introduced it into Britain.

**Ginger.** The root of a plant which has been long cultivated in the East Indies, and introduced into the West Indies, Sierra Leone, and India. The starchy root contains a yellow volatile oil.

**Grapefruit.** A cultivated variety of the Shaddock, named after an English captain who introduced it into the West Indies from China, the grapefruit is also grown in Florida and South Africa. Palestine has recently come into the field, supplying nearly half our needs.

**Lemon.** The fruit of a small citrus tree long cultivated in Mediterranean countries, especially Sicily. It has been naturalised in South America, the East and West Indies, Australia, and South Africa. Italy was our chief source of this fruit.

**Maize.** Probably a native of Mexico, a staple food in the warmer parts of America and much used in Southern Europe. It is a great source of starch.

Argentina sent us over a million tons in 1939.

**Millet.** A staple food of the people of India, the grain of this large fodder grass being imported as a poultry food. A native of Asia, it is cultivated in most of the warmer parts of the world.

**Mustard.** Manufactured from the seeds of three brassica plants: Black, White, and Wild Mustard. Black mustard is a native of Britain, White of southern Europe, though it is cultivated in this country.

**Olive.** Cultivated from very early times in Mediterranean lands for the nourishing oil in its fleshy fruit. This replaces butter in warm lands.

**Onion.** A perennial plant native in Asia, the vegetable bulb being cultivated in most temperate lands. We have relied for most of our supplies on Egypt and Europe, Holland sending 100,000 tons, while the rich soil of Spain and Brittany have sent us the bigger bulbs.

**Orange.** A native of India, but brought west by the Arabs and most successfully cultivated in Mediterranean countries. Palestine sent us 220,000 tons in 1939. South Africa has adopted it and has over four million trees. California and Florida produce 80 million boxes a year.

**Pepper.** Obtained from the berries of a climbing plant native to the East Indies; now cultivated in India and other tropical lands.

**Pineapple.** The compound fruit of a herb native to South America, but cultivated in fields in the West Indies and the Azores, Florida, Malaya, Hawaii, and Queensland, and in hot-houses of temperate countries.

**Prune.** The sun-dried fruit of the plum tree grown extensively in France, Portugal, Yugo-Slavia, Italy, and California.

**Raisin.** The dried form of the grape, imported from France, Spain, and other Mediterranean lands.

**Rice.** The staple food of the Far East, coming chiefly from Burma and Siam.

**Sago.** Prepared from the soft inner part of the trunk of a native palm in Malaya and New Guinea.

**Sugar.** Cuba, Queensland, Mauritius, and the West Indies are our chief sources of sugar from the cane, while at home we have developed a big yield of sugar beet.

**Tapioca.** A starch food obtained from cassava, a native plant of tropical South America. Most of the 10,000 tons we imported annually came from the Dutch East Indies.

**Tea.** The dried immature shoots of a plant cultivated in hot moist climates. Our chief source is India, Ceylon coming next, and then China.



The Children's Newspaper, April 11, 1942

## NAME THIS MAN

A little company of grown-ups recently formed themselves for a while into an amateur Brains Trust of their own, whereupon one of its members had the intense satisfaction of confounding all the rest with the following question.

He stated that one of the most famous of all Englishmen had names that very few people knew, and he gave the first three names—Charles John Huffham. The questioner asked the others to add the fourth, and the amateur Brains Trust failed to name a man. The answer is

Charles John Huffham Dickens

## FORTIFICATION

A respected Sunday newspaper tells the housewife that when making a boy's trousers she should put a piece of canvas in the seat.

This is an excellent economy hint, but we understand that Smith Minor adds that if no canvas is available a piece of corrugated iron might be tried.

## DUTCH COMMANDMENTS

There has appeared a Free Dutch newspaper published weekly in London, and in one of its numbers are Ten Commandments written in Holland and smuggled into this country. We quote some of them from an English translation.

Thou shalt strive against evil with all the might that is in thee, fearless, wise, and resolute.

Thou shalt spread no false rumour nor trust in hollow lies, but speak the truth and do the best thou canst.

Thou shalt renew thy spiritual life from the finest figures of our heritage, that peace may find thee worthier than did the war.

Thou shalt not hide from the sufferings of men, but love them warm-heartedly and judge even thine enemy in righteousness.

Thou shalt learn to see that the foundation of our life is opportunity, not obligation, grace, not law; this is our comfort, our commonwealth, our strength.

Let us be men in order to be Christian.

## OUR BAD MEMORIES

In London alone the public left 242,525 articles in public transport vehicles last year, and 90,151 were gas-masks.

We have not figures for the entire country, but they probably run into seven numerals. Soldiers seem to be as forgetful as civilians and the number of articles of lost luggage belonging to members of the fighting forces is increasing.

## The Colour Snapshot Has Come

THE film which can be taken in any ordinary camera and produced in natural colours is a familiar thing today, but has the drawback that it must be held up to the light and viewed as a transparency, or else projected on to a screen with a lantern. Many methods have been tried for making prints on paper from these films, and although they have been worked for some years the colours have never had the truthfulness and beauty of the original.

The Kodachrome colour film, which consists of three very thin layers coated on to a safety base, and each layer of which is developed up in a different primary colour (one yellow, one



## London Seagulls

In winter and early spring every sheet of water in the Capital has its flocks of hungry seagulls eager to pick up any scraps they can find

## WHAT ABOUT WINDMILLS?

We hear that windmills in England are to be dismantled because they are uneconomic, and that in Holland old windmills are to be restarted because there is no longer any fuel to spare for engine-driven mills.

For half a century the sails of about 2000 windmills in Holland have been idle, but it seems likely that the Germans will set them turning again. If Holland's windmills are to grind flour, why should not England's windmills do the same, saving fuel and transport costs? Perhaps the experts can tell us.

## MR IMPORTANT

We talked with a small local official. "You still run a car, then?" we ventured to inquire of the little man.

He waved his hand airily. "My work makes a car absolutely necessary," he assured us.

"It must be very important," we replied, "for our Member of Parliament has dispensed with his car, and the new Minister for War travels by bus. So, we hear, does the Lord Mayor of London."

We left the little local fussybag thinking things over.

## PALACE OF THE POOR

Threepenny meals are now being served in the apartments in the Palace of Versailles which were occupied by Madame Pompadour of the period of Louis the Fifteenth. The palace is now used as a winter restaurant for the poor.

## OUR DARK IRON HORSES

Every schoolboy must be sad to think that our great locomotives are to be all black. How glorious a sight they have been till now! LNER locomotives have long been a bright green; and we have the Royal Scot with its maroon, and the Silver Jubilee.

But painting them bright colours is out of the question in these days, and keeping them clean is expensive in time and labour; so for the duration of the war most of our railway engines will be black.

Let us hope that brighter days will bring brighter hues to the giants of the permanent way.

## FROM U.S.A. TO LONDON SHELTERS

A gift from the American Junior Red Cross will enable children who take refuge in 200 of London's air-raid shelters to use wisely the dull hours between Blackout time and bedtime.

The 13,000 members of the Junior Red Cross contributed pennies to a grand total of £1500, which has just been spent in this country to equip these shelters with playtime materials, and the little shelter-seekers will now have sewing equipment, knitting wool and needles, blackboards, paint boxes, brushes, hammers, chisels, screws, and nails, in addition to games of all kinds.

## WAVELL CALLING

When the situation looks most difficult the best tonic is to consider the difficulties of the enemy. General Wavell

## A GREAT GIFT FOR SHEFFIELD

Once more Alderman Graves of Sheffield has done a noble thing. He has promised the city of steel that after the war it shall have what will probably be the finest radium equipment in the world.

This has been made possible by his gift to the Sheffield Royal Hospital and Infirmary of £100,000. The new radium centre will be part of the great new group of hospital buildings which are to rise at a cost of a million pounds.

## HARVEST OF THE SEA

A plea is being put forward for the better use of the seaweed strewn on our coasts as cattle food. The thrifty Orkney islanders make use of it, as do also the people of the Faroes, the Laplanders, the Chinese, and the New Zealanders.

Properly treated, it can be ground down into cattle meal, and the Orkneys use 30,000 tons of their seaweed every year. Eight to nine tons of seaweed produce one ton of meal, and from the millions of tons on our coasts it is calculated that we might easily recover 150,000 tons of meal and 1200 of fertilisers.

## Milk For Europe's Future

ONE of the tragic consequences of the last war was the shortage of cattle in Central Europe, where herds had been killed because there was no fodder for them. This resulted in lack of milk for children who desperately needed it. Nearly 300 cows, and oil-cake and hay for the half-starved cattle which had survived the war, were an important part of the relief service of English Quakers to Austria then.

Signs of the same kind of reduction of herds are noticeable in this country as well as on the Continent now. In America it seemed that shortage of labour was going to mean that cows would be killed off there also, but men from the Civilian Service

## WORK FOR ALL

The February unemployed return showed that the count revealed fewer than 100,000 men and boys wholly unemployed, including 36,000 special cases which can be deducted, leaving 64,000. We are thus well on the way to the elimination of unemployment, because there is a war and because we are determined to win it.

With the same determination to win the peace we can much more readily eliminate unemployment after the war.

## INDIA'S TRADE

In the second year of the war India's exports were valued at £140,540,000 and her imports at £131,462,500, but her favourable trade balance was only a quarter of that in the first war year, mainly owing to the reduction in exports to Britain. But her trade with the Empire increased.

## THE WAR ZOO

In spite of the mechanisation of warfare the animals have not been allowed to escape their share of the burden in man's conflict.

Not long ago the War Office was appealing for dogs. The horses of the famous Cossack cavalry have been charging over the snow-covered battlefields of Russia. The Japs have been using elephants for military transport in the jungles of the Far East, and carrier pigeons have been saving the lives of airmen brought down in the sea.

Now there is news that the American Army, which had only 7000 mules, is buying 15,000 more. Every army has work for mules to do, for there are some tasks at which they are superior to any vehicle. Strong as a horse and sure-footed as an ass, they will carry loads over any kind of country and in any climate from the Arctic to the tropics. Their value is shown by the fact that the American Army has to pay more for a mule than a horse.

## A RIVER GIVES UP 4500 ACRES

The restoration of a small river in Devonshire, the Clyst, is to give the nation 4500 acres of good cultivable land.

At present this area consists of little more than water-logged meadows; by clearing and straightening the Clyst, and restoring it to its original dimensions, the land will be won back for agriculture. This is only one example of the admirable things that are being accomplished by the nation in her hour of need.

Camps have come to the rescue. It has been arranged that some who have experience of dairy farming shall help farmers, so that herds can be kept up to full strength. The men hope this will mean that their country will be able to do its full share in relieving hunger-stricken nations at the end of the war. They will receive no pay; the farmers will pay the standard wage to a central fund which is being built up for the relief of war victims.

Other men from the Camps, which are run by the three American Peace Churches for those who are unwilling to fight, are hoping to go to Mexico to work at the elimination of malaria in Vera Cruz.



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### The Millions We Threw Away

It is clear that War teaches many precious lessons that Peace fails to teach.

For years we have been calling attention to the scandalous waste always going on in the nation, and now that war has driven us to save all waste, it has been found possible to save more than £1,000,000 worth in three months—600,000 tons of paper, 500,000 tons of metal, 250,000 tons of kitchen waste.

What would we not have given to have had a million pounds to play with every quarter day in peace-time. It is simple truth that we have been throwing away in waste at least enough money to build a great cathedral every year.

### THE RIVALS

Does the Prices Committee ever look at the shops, we wonder?

In the middle of London's Warship Week we sauntered through the West End in search of rival appeals, and found a window full of poor-looking shoes for women at over 100 shillings a pair.

As far as the eye could see it would have been no more than justice had two Savings Certificates been given away in each shoe. Never in the history of our shopping could we see so little offered for so much!

### The Great Coal Bungle

BECAUSE it supports what we ourselves have said so often we feel moved to quote these words from Scrutator of the Sunday Times concerning the Great Coal Bungle:

*No single shortage is more calculated to sap morale than fireless homes. There is none that it was easier or more advisable to avoid.*

We have had a Mines Department for years, but are no better off with our domestic coal supply than we should have been without it, a poor result for the spending of over £20,000 a year in salaries.

## Under the Editor's Table

A MOTHER complains that her daughter reads too much. The girl has promised to turn over a new leaf.

MANY people have a roll with their dinner. A stroll after it might do them more good.

A MAN says the war gets him down. He should join the R A F.

A HEN laid an egg in a police court. Mistook the clerk's pen for her own.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the Italians should win in the long run

HITLER promises victory in 1942. He doesn't say whose.

ONE person in five thinks he is a square peg in a round hole. Time he began to look round.

VIRTUE may be its own reward, but who wants to be good for nothing?

NOR many people are growing flowers. The flowers still grow themselves.

## SPRING'S FLAGS ARE FLYING

SPRING is dancing through the woods and lanes, an unearthly sprite, her course secret save where she has rested for a moment and left a tiny mat of bright green on the floor.

The outer twigs tremble a little, vibrating to the warmth and light. Pale amber shafts strike into the heart of the woods.

A month or two ago it did not seem possible that Spring could come again to such a frost-bound earth. After the drenching storms of wind and rain that swept the country it was as if Time stood still in the dim grey woods.

It is the unwavering gloom of the deep winter that makes Spring such a joyous miracle. No other season seems so determined as winter is to hold the gliding wheel and bid the year halt and stay. But after the snowdrops the pale primroses and the gold of the daffodil leap up in the woods like a sudden burst of song.

Their triumph is unequalled by any other gesture in the pageant of the year. They are like the flutes breaking in on a strain of sombre orchestral music, stabbing the long-drawn sounds with joy; like the clear chorister voice soaring above the dying organ peals and resting on the incredibly high note of *Watchman, will the night soon pass?*

WHERE is anything to equal the lyric beauty of the Spring's first yellow, flung with such freedom, grace given out with both hands unstinted, as if it were Nature's joy to give? We can scarcely go a few miles without being hailed by the beauty of it all. Primroses make a carpet for the coppers; tossing daffodils, a brave army, go rank on rank down the sloping meadow. Even on the banks and stunted hedges of the North Country, on heaps of shale at pitheads and railway sidings,

Spring flies her flags. There the humble coltsfoot comes out, as yellow and gay as she can make herself. Crocuses flame sunset colour in little garden beds, and every single flower is proud to be there, as if it were in that garden or lane or wood that a man once sat down and wrote:

*Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing.*

AND yet beneath all this gaiety, this boundless joy of the new year, this paean of praise, there is a solemn thought. The Spring is marking time. The hounds of the year are on the hunt; we can hear the deep bell sounding. It is one more layer of leaves in the woods, one more layer of human consciousness on the eternal floor, one more ring in the tree's girdle, one more branch wounded to death by the late cold and slipping to its fall. Far away from the pretty, familiar things that shield us from naked thought of life and death, far from babbling brooks and little birds and buttercups, are the vast silent spaces.

SPRING winds are cold and sweet as if they came down from the regions of the eternal snows; there is as yet no enervating warmth to sap our energies and make us sleep. We are shaken out of our little peace and look about; and, behold, the year is marching by.

But right in the depths of our feelings about this season there can be nothing morbid; rather a consciousness of the beauty of death in life and life in death, of the wheel of existence turning on itself and feeding itself. Each leaf sinks in the earth to give its share of power to the searching roots delving down for life. Each life laid down becomes part of the rich human essence. The spirit sinks to its decay and rises. Not in churches only, but at Spring's altar everywhere we hear the triumphant cry:

*I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.*

One Thing We Are Tired Of—Seeing close-up photographs of people eating, in the picture papers.

### JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps we shall never have peace until we care to sacrifice for peace as much as we sacrifice for war.



### Lifeboat Hero

Coxswain Henry Blogg of the Cromer lifeboat is here seen talking to Mr T. C. Dugdale, the artist who is painting his portrait for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Coxswain Blogg has helped to save more than 600 lives since the war began, and holds three gold and four silver medals and the George Cross

## PAYING HALF AS WE GO AND SAVING MORE AND MORE

Two facts of the greatest encouragement for all have lately been given to the nation by Lord Iliffe and Lord Kindersley.

Lord Iliffe, who is chairman of the Red Cross Fund, told us that a marvellous proportion of its first £10,000,000 has been raised by small sums, and Lord Kindersley announced that the latest weekly record for small savings was the highest ever known, over £22,000,000.

Nothing could be better than this evidence that the small savers of the country are not only giving of their own free will, but are building up for themselves a credit that will be precious to them in the future.

London has once more done marvellously well in raising tens of millions of pounds a day in its Warship Week. It crowns a wonderful effort made in so many of our towns and cities, and is a welcome stimulus at a time when the cost of the war is £12,500,000 a day. Tremendous as was London's target of £125,000,000 raised in one week, it is astonishing to remember that it will all be swallowed up in ten days of war. The moral is that we must save and save and save again if we would destroy the octopus that seeks to strangle us.

Another fact of profound importance and great satisfaction is that we are paying nearly half our daily war bills by taxation. In the last war taxation covered only just over a quarter of the cost, and the rate of interest paid

on borrowings was very much higher than now. We are therefore borrowing less and borrowing cheaper, which is the best news the Treasury could give us.

Altogether we have raised loans of 2000 million pounds in big investments, and 1273 million pounds through Savings Certificates, usually bought by small savers. It is not possible to say too much of our debt to Lord Kindersley for his enthusiastic crusading. No man in the history of the world has ever got so much money out of so many people in so short a time as he. His public spirit and organising genius have brought into this movement half a million voluntary workers, with the result that the cost of all the publicity we see everywhere (the processions and pageants and the battleship in Trafalgar Square) has been less than one and sixpence for every hundred pounds raised.

That is remarkable. The C N begs its readers, for their own sake and the country's, to put their small savings into the best investment in the world, Savings Certificates. They grow in ten years from 15s to 20s 6d, and there is no safer investment on the earth. The more we save the more valuable and the safer our money will be, and it is good to know that in this direction we are doing so well, though the danger is so great that we must do still better, and continue doing it if we are to keep the Nazi savages from our gates.

### The Happy Evacuees in Somerset

WE have been delighted to receive some letters from boy and girl evacuees who have the good fortune to be in the lovely county town of Somerset, and from them we gather that the Bible is one of the children's favourite books.

One girl's ambition is to be a nurse and "heal sick babies as

Jesus did"; one likes best the story of David and Goliath and one the marriage at Cana. Two children send what they think the best Bible verses, one the wonderful

*Be still, and know that I am God; the other: He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.*



## After Malaya, Let Us Turn To Jamaica

JAMAICA, jewel of the West Indies, is a long way from Malaya, once our richest colonial possession. There would seem to be no special connection between them; save that they both grew up as part of our Colonial Empire, and in much the same way. Malaya was not entirely British, but British influence developed it, and we had great opportunities under the friendly Sultans.

If we have lost Malaya through any failure to build up a happy and contented people there, we are at last taking steps to see that that does not happen in Jamaica, for a great change is coming there which many think should have come in Malaya. There it did not come, but it has come now to Jamaica. It is a sign and portent of better things in our colonial administration, a hope for the future, a breath of fresh air without which we shall be stifled.

Jamaica is to be set on the road of self-government. The old franchise, a narrow one based on property-holding, privilege, class, and colour distinction, is to be widely extended.

The biggest and most important of the West Indian islands, Jamaica is twice the size of Norfolk, with twice that county's population; but less than two per cent of its people are whites, and it has always been the whites, with the Governor and his Council, who ruled Jamaica. The black people of the island have been free in name for over a century. During that period their population has doubled, while the whites have scarcely increased.

### Merry-Hearted People

The housing conditions have long been a disgrace to our Colonial administration. The merry-hearted, cheerful, hard-working, good-natured Negroes have lived on and below the line of deep poverty ever since they revolted against those conditions nearly 80 years ago. They revolted once more a year or two since, and this time the British Government appointed a Special Commission to investigate. That Commission, we may be sure, has been greatly moved by the fall of Singapore.

We are now hearing the real reasons for that calamity. Whatever the cause might be, the white people of Malaya "had no roots in the country." They had no genuine interest in the people of Malaya, whether Malay, Chinese, or Indian, and probably the natives in Malaya did not care much whether the Japanese conquered the country or not.

The Jamaicans are not like that. The people of the island are intensely proud of their British citizenship, as they demonstrated in so many fields of service in the last war; but they ask for privileges as well as the responsibilities. The first thing they ask for, which will pave the way for every other advance, is education.

### Seven Hundred Schools

As things are, if a clever Jamaica boy or girl of Negro stock wants to become a doctor, a lawyer, an architect, an engineer, or a member of any other learned profession, he or she must come to Britain to qualify. The elementary education on the island is not too bad. There are nearly seven hundred Government schools, with training colleges for teachers, but the number of children attending

school is nothing like as high as it should be, and anything beyond mere elementary education is left to private enterprise.

What is, however, more important is that there is no University of any kind on the island.

Why not? France, with all her faults, had universities and technical colleges even in the smallest and least important of her colonies and dependencies. But that was because all the colonial possessions of France were regarded as part of the "body" of France. Their citizens were citizens of France on equal terms with all born Frenchmen. The way to the professions, to the highest places in learning and in public life, was open to all, regardless of birth and colour.

### One University

With all the shame and disaster which has befallen her now, France will be able to say that it was a black Frenchman of Central Africa, the great Governor Eboué of Lake Chad, who first defied the Nazis and Pétain alike on behalf of the Free French Empire, and in the name of liberty.

But in all the great colonial empire of Britain there is but one University, the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture at St Augustine in Trinidad, one of the most important educational establishments in the world.

Here at least one might expect an open door for black as well as white; here in this fine college devoted to research into the wealth of our whole tropical empire the doors would surely be open to the natives on whose energies the country depends.

Alas, it is not so. The College was founded only in 1921, but there must have been something missing in its foundations. The Spirit of Liberty, perhaps? Else why are the doors of St Augustine closed to dark skins?

### An Urgent Need

If nothing else could convince us of this bitter and shameful folly, is it not enough that one of the greatest agricultural pioneers in the world today is an American Negro who was born a slave?

Yet Jamaican Negroes are not wanted at their own College of Agriculture in their own lovely and fruitful West Indies.

Achimota College in the Gold Coast points the way. There are many respects in which the Gold Coast Colony has given an example to other colonies, and indeed to our Colonial Office itself, as to how natives should be taught to govern themselves. A great-hearted white man and a great-hearted black man have made this famous school and college of Achimota, six miles from Accra, the unique success that it has been for so many years.

Jamaica and all our other colonies need their Achimotas too. It is indeed this service which, for their happiness in the future, may be the greatest and most urgent need of all.

## CARRY ON

### THE AMERICAN CREED

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

Tyler Page, adopted by Congress, 1918

### In Act and Thought

BE great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Shakespeare

### THE LIBERAL MAN

IN defiance of all the torture, of all the might, of all the malice of the world, the liberal man will ever be rich; for God's providence is his estate, God's wisdom and power are his defence, God's love and favour are his reward, and God's word is his security.

Isaac Barrow

### Child of Nature

DEAR child of Nature, let them rail!  
There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend,  
Shalt see  
Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,  
As if thy heritage were joy,  
And pleasure were thy trade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.  
Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee when grey hairs are nigh,  
A melancholy slave;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

The consolation of Wordsworth to a girl reproached for taking long walks

### The Best Birthright

THE protection of the liberty of Britain is a duty which they owe to themselves, who enjoy it; to their ancestors, who transmitted it down; and to their posterity, who will claim it at their hands, this, the best birthright, and noblest inheritance of mankind.

Sir William Blackstone

## Men of England

MEN of England! who inherit Rights that cost your sires their blood!

Men whose undegenerate spirit Has been proved on field and flood;

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,

By the glorious deeds ye've done, Trophies captured—breaches mounted,

Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame

If the freedom of your fathers Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery Where no public virtues bloom?

What avail in lands of slavery, Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world reverence us

For our people's rights and laws, And the breasts of civic heroes Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,

Sidney's matchless shade is yours;

Martyrs in heroic story, Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled

Crowned and mitred tyranny; They defied the field and scaffold

For their birthrights—so will we!

Thomas Campbell

## The Passing of George Meredith

This is Sir J. M. Barrie's description of the passing of George Meredith and his arrival in Paradise.

HE strode up the hill whirling his staff, for which he had no longer any other use. His hearing was again so acute that from far away on the Dorking road he could hear the rumbling of a coach.

It had been disputed whether he should be buried in Westminster Abbey or in a quiet churchyard, and there came to him somehow a knowledge (it was the last he ever knew of little things) that people had been at variance as to whether a casket of dust should be laid away in one hole or in another, and he flung back his head with the old

glorious action, and laughed a laugh "broad as a thousand beeves at pasture."

Box Hill was no longer deserted. When a great man dies—and this was one of the greatest since Shakespeare—the immortals await him at the top of the nearest hill. He looked up and saw his peers. They were all young, like himself. He waved the staff in greeting. One, a mere stripling, "slight unspeakably," R. L. S., detached himself from the others, crying gloriously, "Here's the fellow I have been telling you about!" and ran down the hill to be the first to take his Master's hand. In the meanwhile an empty coach was rolling on to Dorking.



Head of a young girl, painted by the 17th century Dutch artist Johannes Vermeer



# AUSTRALIA THE GREAT

## The Men Who Went Over the Blue Mountains

Our story of Australia brought us last week to Governor Macquarie, the man who launched the long exploration which was slowly to unveil the interior of the Unknown Continent. He sent three men (Gregory Blaxland, Lieutenant Lawson, and William Wentworth) to see what lay beyond the Blue Mountains, and they found a smiling land like an English landscape. The story is taken from Arthur Mee's Book of the Flag.

A FULL generation had now passed since the first shiploads of colonists had arrived at Botany Bay, and it was the exploration beyond the Blue Mountains that called the next explorers. Now came John Oxley, an English lieutenant who explored two of the rivers flowing west, the Macquarie and the Lachlan, and discovered and named several more. It was on his third expedition, in which he was seeking a new prison settlement for Sydney, that Oxley came across an escaped convict who guided him to the Brisbane River, which no known man had seen before.

With Oxley was Allan Cunningham, a Scotsman who had gone out in a convict ship and shared the hardship of an expedition in the plains, marching 1200 miles in 19 weeks to collect flowers and plants; he afterwards found a route from the coast up to the Liverpool Plains of New South Wales, and later from Brisbane to the Darling Downs of Queensland, an unrivalled pasture of 6000 square miles; it was his tracks the sheep farmers followed to lay the foundations of Queensland.

With Oxley, too, went an Australian boy who had already, while in his teens, explored the

mountains south-west for 60 miles, finding his way through the bush without a compass. His name was Alexander Hamilton Hume. While still a youth he discovered the Yass Plains, and before he was 30, with William Hovell and six convicts, he made the first overland journey from Sydney to the south coast at Port Phillip, the first white man to cross what is now Victoria. He found five rivers, one of which he named after his father, though it has now become known as part of the great Murray River. He lived quietly for 50 years after his exciting adventures, but made one journey with that dauntless hero Charles Sturt, the son of a judge at Bengal who joined the army as a youth and went out to Australia in those days when the far interior still held its secret.

### A Salt River

Sturt became secretary to the Governor of New South Wales, and in 1829, a year of drought, his mind was set on solving the problem of Australia's natural water system. Was the heart of this vast continent a desert, a swamp, a sea, or what? He believed there was an inland sea, and he set out to find it.

They found no sea, but by a heroic effort they forced a way through a stupendous mass of reeds and marshes until they came upon a river flowing fast and deep and as salt as the sea. He named it the Darling, after his chief. They found three other rivers and went home with 1250 square miles added to the map.

The next year he was away again, and found an unknown river which he followed for a week, then breaking up his party

and sending back most of his men. With the six men left he built a raft, which they fixed to a boat they had carried, so confident was Sturt that he would find an inland sea. They towed the raft with all their food behind them, but it was wrecked and they were carried down stream with nothing but a little flour, tea, and sugar. At the end of another week the boat shot out into a magnificent river then unknown, which Sturt named the Murray.

### The Desert Inland

Now he knew that all the westward rivers seen from the Blue Mountains ran into these vast waters on their way to the sea. They went on in their boat till they found a great lake, shallow and thick with reeds, and they were bound to turn back. They tugged at the oars like galley slaves, every man rationed to a pound of flour and an ounce of tea a day for 40 days, and some of the men went mad, while Sturt was nearly blinded by the dazzling sun. He came to England, but, having recovered his sight, was back again, leading a colonising party overland to South Australia, tracing new rivers and exploring the centre of the continent. He returned declaring that the heart of Australia was one vast desert, but he had added 3450 square miles to the map, and spent the next years in developing Australia until he came home to England to die, the most famous explorer of his age.

He had been in lands so parched that it split the hoofs of horses, had been dying of thirst when he came to a river and found it salt, had seen a savage chief appear out of a jungle to protect him from attack, and had marched through grass like the quills of porcupines to a point nearer the middle of Australia than any white man had been.

### A Great Governor

On the eve of the Victorian Era one of the great names of the Southern Dominions comes into history—that of Sir George Grey. The distress of the Irish peasants, which he witnessed as a soldier, made a great impression on his mind and he was all his life moved by a humane and liberal spirit. In 1837 he went exploring on the north coast of Western Australia, suffering greatly from heat and thirst, but discovering a river and some fertile country. It happened that he was speared by a native and had to abandon the expedition, but two years later he was exploring the west coast with three boats and 13 men when a hurricane wrecked two boats and most of the stores. Grey walked 300 miles to Perth, staggering alone into the settlement so stricken that nobody knew him.

He became Governor of South Australia, where he found the settlers idling their lives away, living on tinned foods, and producing nothing, and he put the colony in order, reduced its expenditure, brought land into cultivation, and, in spite of much boycotting and threatening, set the colony on its way to prosperity before he left for New Zealand, where he became Prime Minister.

TO BE CONTINUED

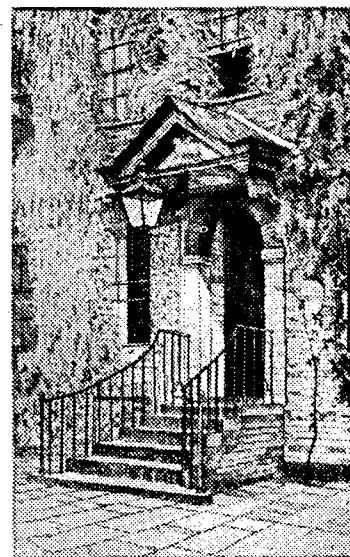
# The Etchers and Painters of

## London's Lost Loveliness

ARTIST-LOVERS of London, who in the past etched and painted her immemorial beauties, worked sometimes for a living, but more often for no likely return at all and solely for the love of their art.

Now, it is said, they are finding that their pictures are in demand. The dealers whose business it is to sell the products of the painter's brush and the engraver's tool are looking out for studies of the London which is no more, the blitzed and battered remnants of what were the glories of the Empire's capital only a year ago.

The Inns of Court, always a favourite subject with artists, must be the most striking example of shattered beauty which now lives only in pictorial record. Lawyers were always generous customers for engravings of the Temple, and Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn.



A Temple Doorway,  
by E. Mary Shelley

Now etchings and paintings alike are being sought by lawyers and laymen as reminders of what the Barbarians have brought down in ruin. Pump Court, on the frontier between Middle and Inner Temple, with its lovely Cloisters fronting the shattered Crusaders Church, is more than half destroyed.

Strange to say, the two splendid plane-trees in the middle of the old and gracious byway escaped all damage. These grand veterans, whose branches have shadowed eight generations of learned men of the law, have always attracted artists.

### Pump Court

Each succeeding springtime, as the plane-trees spread into wide green leaf, the artists came with their little stools, their paints and brushes and palettes, and their sandwich-boxes, and settled down to paint Pump Court and the Cloisters, with the two green trees in the foreground.

Perhaps they will come again this spring, but their hearts will be saddened by the ruin of Pump Court, by the sight of the small blackened stump which is all that is left of Lamb's Buildings, by the mounds of bricks which mark the ruin of the exquisite Jacobean house of the Master of the Temple, and most of all by the grim ruin in the irreplaceable Round Church, to which year after year, from every corner of the world, lovers of beauty and antiquity came in pilgrimage.

The artists who painted the Round Church in the past, so often for their own pleasure, did more for the world than they imagined. We remember the delightful etchings of E. Mary Shelley, some of which are over our mantelpiece; it is like a dream of the past to look at them now and to remember the lovely place they picture.

So also in Gray's Inn, where the destruction is almost as bad as in the Temple, with the holocaust of South Square and its Library, and the ruins of Gray's Inn Square itself, that lovely and pleasant place. Here, too, the record of graver and brush will be a source of comfort to lovers of architectural beauty.

### London's Tudor Shops

Lincoln's has suffered less than the other Inns, and nothing has happened to the old Staple Inn, where the fronts at Holborn Bars present almost the sole example of Tudor shops now left in London.

The heavy motor traffic of modern London had shaken the structure of these delightful shops so severely that long and careful reconstruction work was undertaken a few years ago to preserve them, and well the Prudential Assurance Company deserves the gratitude of London for its care of them.

Yet the Tudor craftsmen who built these old houses must have been remarkable men, for, although high-explosive and incendiary bombs alike ringed the area round, falling close enough again and again for blast to do its worst and sparks to spread to the timbers, the Elizabethan houses are still unharmed. Long may they stand.

These timbered houses were favourite subjects of London artists, and engravings of them, and of the interior of Staple Inn, found a ready sale all over the world. Other landmarks of London's glory which have fared less fortunately include many of the Wren Churches.

### A Bouquet For the Farmer

A rare compliment is paid to the British farmer by an agriculturist on the other side of the Atlantic.

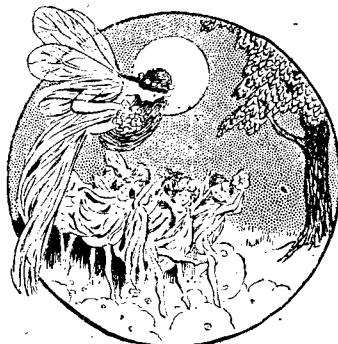
There are no "dust bowls" in the British Isles as there are in America, where the constant wastage of the surface soil has driven off the insects from plants they should fertilise.

The British farmer has always preserved the soil, and persists in doing so, heedless of reproaches about his antiquated methods. It is only in Great Britain that he is reproached; the farmers of less fortunate lands admire him.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Underneath the Apple Tree

I HAVE seen the fairies dancing  
Underneath the apple tree,  
Seen them swinging from the  
branches:  
But they never noticed me.



I have heard the fairies singing  
In the wood on summer eves,  
Heard them singing while the  
west wind  
Softly whispered through the  
trees.

Nanny says "It's only fancy,  
Come in now and have your  
tea";  
She can never see the fairies:  
No one can, excepting me.

Monica Hodgson

### The Conceited Grasshopper

A GRASSHOPPER, resting on a wall, saw a snail journeying slowly along with his house on his back.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "How ridiculous you look, going along so slowly that you scarcely appear to be moving at all! Now see how with one spring I can leap so high that I get right out of your sight." And with a jump the grasshopper reached a great height, and then alighted on the ground some distance away.

"Ah!" said the snail. "For my part I prefer to go on slowly, with some method and system in my movements, rather than to leap no one knows where, and then to remain like a stone for hours together."

### PRAYER

O LORD, who rulest all our lives, guard us through this night and keep us safe in this troubled world. Let Thy loving-kindness and tender mercy follow us all our days and give us peace. Amen.



## The Schools With the Atlantic Between Them

NOTHING is more important for the future than the great hope now growing in the world of the cooperation of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Great Peace; and one thing in which we can all help is to try to understand each other's countries.

This letter comes to us from the K O A C School of the Air in the United States, which broadcasts daily to 150 schools with ten thousand pupils and uses the C N.

### Dear Boys and Girls

Each schoolday morning we listen to a news broadcast given especially for Oregon Schools. Our commentator, Mr Walker, frequently tells us of articles in the Children's Newspaper relating what boys and girls are doing to help the United Nations to Victory. We wish to say that we admire your courage and your pluck.

Because we have enjoyed so much learning of your activities, we thought you might like to know what we are doing, so we decided to write this letter to tell you that we, too, are doing our best to hasten Victory.

Everywhere boys and girls are buying Defence Stamps and

Bonds. We are growing Victory Gardens and collecting scrap metals, paper, and other useful materials for our Government. Some of us are attending classes six days a week rather than the usual five, so that we may finish our school-year sooner and be of more use on the farms. Our latest project is to make thousands of model aeroplanes to be used by our navy in training pilots.

Many of us would like to correspond with you directly, and we hope you will write to us.

With sincere good wishes and our heartfelt admiration, we are your American friends and allies,  
The Boys and Girls of the  
Schools of Oregon

ANY schools who would like to correspond with these schools in Oregon may write to the C N (by postcard, please) for an address. Exchange letters between the schools of the two countries are an admirable means of creating a closer interest and a fuller understanding. The C N sends its greeting to the scholars of Oregon, our partners in the great fight for a happier world and the end of all wars.

## WHAT WE MEAN BY LIBERTY

SUCH an appointment as that of Mr T. C. Humphreys as Recorder of Dover would have made the hair of our early 19th-century ancestors stand on end.

Mr Humphreys is an eminent barrister and the son of a judge, but he is a leader of Buddhism in London, whereas our great-grandfathers held that the State must be ruled and administered by members of the Church of England alone.

No Roman Catholic could sit in Parliament or hold any post under the Crown. No Irish Roman Catholic was permitted to vote at an election, or to be a solicitor, a sheriff, a doctor, or even a gamekeeper. Nonconformists could neither be married nor buried by their own ministers, and were rigidly excluded from the universities. It was really a crime to be a nonconformist, and not until Queen

Victoria had been 34 years on the throne were the sons of nonconformists allowed to enjoy the best education the country could offer.

As for Jews, they shared all the disabilities of the nonconformists and the Roman Catholics, with many added.

All that is long ago; it will be seen that we have long emerged from the ignorant and barbarous ages into which the Nazis would plunge back the world.

The new appointment at Dover is the latest triumph for Christian tolerance, for that freedom of our people to worship according to their conscience. Liberty to pray as we will, to think as we will, to act as we will, within the Law—it is for these things that we fight, and the promotion of a Buddhist to the judicial bench is a shining example of what we mean by liberty.

## R A F on the African Coast

IT is good news that the R A F has been building up aerodromes on the West African coast to help in the Battle of the South Atlantic. Here the west coast of Africa faces the east coast of South America across 1800 miles.

It has not been easy for the R A F to settle in West Africa, where the climate gives such cause for anxiety as to the health of our airmen. In one day eight inches of rain fell before lunch and swept whole camps away, and frequently an air crew must face violent tornadoes and electric storms.

Supply was a great problem, especially when more flying-boats began to arrive. In one case a ship's boat was made into a flying-boat tender by putting into it an old lorry engine. Oil was extracted locally from ground nuts,

and oil-pipe joints were packed with brown paper.

It is satisfactory that flying goes on in spite of all these difficulties, and that enemy submarines have been successfully attacked. Whereas in the beginning of the Battle of the Atlantic the boats of wrecked ships were strewn about this coast, and men were often found clinging to wreckage, little of that is now seen. Today aircraft wait in readiness where wild pigs grazed not long ago, and seacraft is making ample use of islands and small harbours never used before.

It is the aeronautical correspondent of The Times who tells us of this success of the R A F so far from home, and there is no question of its great value as a factor in the Battle of the Atlantic, as well as a promise of development for peace time.

## TIGERS IN THE SHAPE OF MEN

It is a bitter thing to have to record the news of these days, and the C N is glad to leave it to other newspapers to describe the terror of life under Nazi rule. But we must all realise what it is we fight against, and we are constrained to put on record a deliberate act of the German Army in Yugo-Slavia.

A notice has been posted that for every German soldier killed by the people in defending themselves, 100 Serbs will be shot, and for every German wounded 50 Serbs will be shot. Sniping from houses will be punished by shooting everybody in the house over 15 years old, and then burning the house down.

In carrying out this order the Germans shot 15,000 people in one month, burned down nearly all the villages, and drove off the cattle. In the town of Kragujevac the soldiers took the pupils of the secondary school and shot the whole of the three upper forms. The older boys, aged 17, boldly faced their murderers, but it was pathetic to see the younger boys, sitting quietly at their school desks a minute or two before, trying to protect themselves behind their school satchels.

Since the Nazis mowed down 100 Boy Scouts with a machine-gun in a Polish square, they have committed no more savage crime than this. Hitlerism in action is far lower in the moral scale than cannibalism or the life of the wild beast.

## The Patriot and His Cupboard

The C N slogan says that a patriot and his waste-paper are soon parted.

Not all paper that goes into the salvage collection can be regarded as waste, for many good patriots have sacrificed much-prized records, books, and letters of great sentimental value.

Among the services the R A F has made big contributions to the salvage campaign, and the order has now gone forth to all units to examine certain documents which it has been necessary to keep for stated periods. Survey boards will examine these papers, and all which can safely be sent for pulping will go.

That is yet another illustration of the fact that the paper can be found if we take the trouble.

When last did you rummage through those cupboards, drawers, and bookshelves?

## THE US NAVY HAS A GOOD IDEA

American boys are able to tell at a glance to what class a United States naval vessel belongs. Her name is a clue to her type. Mention the name of a ship in the United States Navy to an American boy and he will almost certainly tell you her class.

How is it done? Very simply. With few exceptions, ships of war belonging to America are named after States if they are battle-ships, after cities if they are cruisers, and after historic naval vessels or battles if they are aircraft-carriers. Destroyers are usually named after officers of the Navy or members of Congress or inventors; submarines after fish, minesweepers after birds, and tugs after Indian tribes.

## When the Nazis Are Driven Out

THERE can be little doubt that when the Germans are driven out of the countries they have enslaved, back into their own Slave State, they will leave behind them pestilence and famine, and the president of the British Association, Sir Richard Gregory, has once more called our scientists together to consider problems of reconstruction when the war is over.

Sir John Russell of Rothamsted was chairman of the conference, and said that the Germans would do damage that would stagger humanity as they were driven out. The task of rebuilding Europe would be exceedingly difficult. One of the chief measures must be to get the agriculture of each country going so that food could be produced on the spot, especially milk and the protective foods necessary to save the children from growing into what the Nazis are now making them—diseased and deformed men and women.

The peasants would need seeds, animals, animal food, implements, cottages and stables, and every effort should be made to produce these things for them and to save them the worry of having to bother about banking or marketing. Cooperative societies should take charge of these things, Sir John Russell said.

The Deputy Prime Minister of Poland said that Polish agriculture would seek to build up a healthy peasantry on farms owned by the peasants, and the chief issue in Poland would be the supply of food and clothing to the people.

The American Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, Mr A. J. Drexel Biddle, commenting on the effect of Russia's scorched earth policy, said that the soil classification achieved by Russian scientists

would prove useful in the recovery of crops, and suggested that the agricultural organisations of the United States and Canada should take over the most important pedigree seed stocks and increase them. They should also join Britain in forming an organisation for the supply of livestock to Poland, Russia, and other European countries which had lost so heavily.

A Norwegian Cabinet Minister, Mr Anders Fjelstad, referred to the extermination of cattle tuberculosis in his country, and said that cows in Norway, Denmark, and Holland yielded 700 gallons of milk a year compared with 250 gallons in Belgium.

The conference asked the council of the British Association to appoint a standing committee to advance the application of scientific methods in the rebuilding of European agriculture. The importance of this matter is realised more and more if we remember that 84 in every 100 of the world's people depend on the work they themselves do on the land for their living.

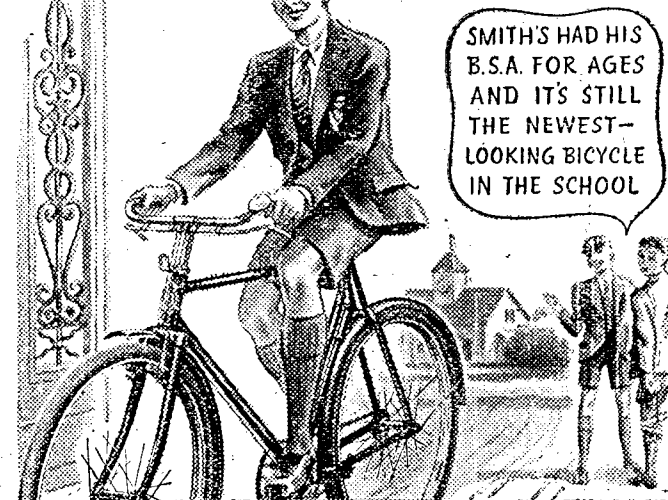
## THE SAFE

The prioress of the convent at Edenholme in Cumberland has given the convent's safe for scrap metal.

"You may have it for your salvage drive," she said; "we have nothing to put in it."

## Of course you'd like a

# BSA too—but you may have to wait a while...



### BSA's are scarce to-day

... because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A.—you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You can still have a free catalogue if you write to:—  
Dept. H.2/4  
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD.,  
BIRMINGHAM, 11



## NOT KNOWN

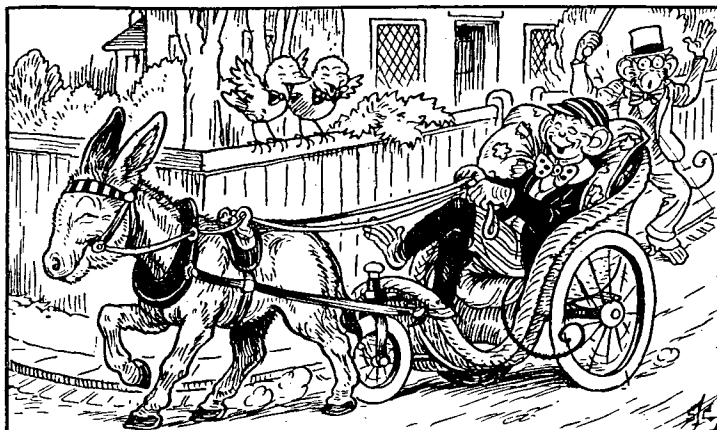
TEACHER: An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known... Who is talking in class?

A Voice: An anonymous person, Teacher.

## Wise Worm

WHEN it is raining Wilfred Worm Comes out as bold as bold; But if there's frost he stays below For fear of catching cold!

## Jacko Nearly Takes a Ride



SEEN Grandpa Jacko's bathchair by the gate gave Jacko an idea. He fetched his old friend Neddy, harnessed him to the chair, and soon set off in fine style. "Gee up, Neddy!" Jacko said, smiling. "Petrol restrictions don't worry us." But his ride had hardly begun when Grandpa appeared, waving his stick and shouting. It was then Neddy's turn to smile.

**How Van Dyck Wrote His Name**  
SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK, the celebrated Flemish painter of portraits and historical subjects, was also a master of etching. He became assistant to Rubens and

*Ant. van Dyck*

later Court painter to Charles the First, by whom he was knighted. He was born in 1599 and died in 1641.

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Neptune is in the south-east, and Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-west. In the morning Venus is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 a.m. on Sunday, April 12.



## PAY A MAN WHAT HE NEEDS

**Boy.** What is a Family Allowance? I see it mentioned in the papers, but do not quite understand it.

**Man.** The family allowance system is simply the remuneration of a man according to his family needs. As things are, a man is paid the same whether he is single or whether he is married and has one, two, or more children.

**Boy.** Don't we already pay our soldiers according to the size of their families?

**Man.** Yes, the Army is paid according to the principle of family allowances. If a soldier has no dependents he gets so much. If he has a wife and family, he is paid so much more according to the number of people who depend on him, the extra allowances being paid directly to the wives or other dependents. No one thinks of questioning the justice of these allowances.

**Boy.** Are there any other cases of that kind in which the principle of family allowances is conceded?

**Man.** Yes, in the case of unemployment insurance, the benefit paid to a man when he falls out of work varies with the size of his family; while the workman with a family or no family pays a flat-

rate premium, the benefit paid out of the common pool varies with family need. In a quite different matter, the payment of taxes, a small element of justice is done to the family man by excusing him from paying tax on a certain amount of his income for each child; the idea is the same—to recognise and make allowance for the fact that a man with a family has plenty to do with his money and is serving the State well by bringing up a family.

**Boy.** The principle of paying according to need seems so sensible that it seems rather difficult to understand why it has not been adopted long before.

**Man.** Well, it is only in recent years that such questions have been seriously studied. For the most part such things were left to private decision. It was not until social and industrial matters became subjects of special study and public discussion that there arose any hope of dealing with them for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Now, in all countries, we find men and women studying these things in detail, with determination to raise the standard of life. Already good work has been done in some countries concerning family allowances. The greatest

progress has been made in France. By various voluntary efforts nearly two million workers had been brought under the system by 1932, and then, in view of the proved success of the principle in practice, family allowances were made compulsory both in industry and agriculture. In different regions fixed minimum payments were arranged for men without families, and to this minimum family allowances were added. By the time the present war broke out over five million people had been brought under the new law.

**Boy.** Surely such a system would make for social justice and affect life in many ways?

**Man.** Undoubtedly. The general effect should be to encourage family life and to contend with that striking fall in the birthrate which occurred after the last war, and which, as many fear, will be accentuated by this war. We are feeling the lack of man-power sorely now, and we must not allow the British Empire to perish for lack of men, as the Roman Empire did. Family allowances are one means of arresting that process. We must have children, and anything the nation can do to encourage bigger families all round is a blessing, the best possible insurance for the future.



## Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramp-

ing or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

## THE BRAN TUB

## WHY?

I WONDER why the pelican Although the jelly can't, And also why the Bolivar Whereas the olive aren't, Whatever makes the *billet-doux*. The things the nanny don't, And why, oh why, does Eatan-swill. When Harrow simply won't?

## Seagoing Railway

ONE of the most remarkable railways in the world is the Florida South Coast Extension, which connects Miami on the coast of Florida with Key West on an island 160 miles out to sea. The railway is built on a chain of 49 coral islands which are connected by embankments and viaducts. The longest viaduct is the Knight's Key bridge, which is nearly seven miles long.

## FLOWERY RIDDLE

PLEASE tell me why the prim-rose rose? Of course it heard the harebell ring. But 'twas not that; no, I suppose It saw the cowslip slip, poor thing.

## Shakespeare Sayings

THROW physic to the dogs, I'll none of it. Macbeth, V 3  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil. Hamlet, III 1  
I will wear my heart upon my sleeve. Othello, I 1  
She sat like patience on a monument. Twelfth Night, II 4

## Do You Live in Berkshire?

BERKSHIRE was originally spelt Berrucscir, and berruc signifies a little wood, or grove. The meaning, therefore, is the shire of the little wood. Owing to a mistaken spelling, Barocscir, it used wrongly to be thought that Berkshire meant bare oak shire.

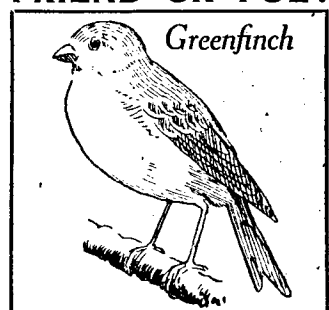
## FLIGHT OF TIME

SMALL John was having his first ride in a train and was very much impressed, particularly when the train dived into the darkness of a tunnel. He sat spellbound, and when they came out into the light again just gasped: "Why, it's tomorrow!"

## BOASTER

A KANGAROO bragged "Very soon I shall nightly jump over the Moon. Then the Cat his old fiddle. Will break in the middle, While the Cow's carried off in a swoon!"

## FRIEND OR FOE?



THE commonest finch, next to the chaffinch, is undoubtedly the green variety, often called the green linnet in the country. Not much of a songster, and with a wheezy kind of note, it is usually found in small flocks, except at the nesting season. Unfortunately it is too fond of our fruit, and half its diet consists of field and garden produce. Another quarter is made up of wild fruits and weeds, the rest being of little importance either way. Too many greenfinches would not be of benefit to the fruit-grower.

## Warning

THE poet called on the Editor. "A short time ago you rejected some of my poems," said the Poet. "And, according to the covering note, you did so with regret." "That is so," replied the Editor. "Well, here are some more," said the Poet. "And take my advice and never do a thing which you will afterwards regret."

## OBVIOUSLY

BINKS: I had a three-hour interview with a Russian this morning, yet I know not a word of Russian.

Jinks: Wonderful! Did you manage by signs?

Binks: No; he spoke English fluently.

## Enigma

I RISE from the lowly, I mount to the sky; I come from the shadows, But I glimmer on high. Where ruin and loss are There, too, am I; But joy, warmth, and comfort Quite near me abound. And yet with the battle I still may be found.

## RAINY DAY

THE wettest day ever recorded was June 14, 1876, at Cherrapunji in Assam. Over 40 inches of rain fell in 24 hours.

## Ici on Parle Français

## Proverbes

Il faut battre le fer pendant qu'il est chaud.  
Rira bien qui rira le dernier.  
Tout ce qui brille n'est pas d'or.  
Un "tiens" vaut mieux que deux "tu l'auras."  
Qui se ressemble s'assemble.  
Comme on fait son lit on se couche.  
L'excès en tout est un défaut.  
On ne fait pas d'omelette sans casser des œufs.  
Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.  
Pierre qui roule n'amasse pas mousse.

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Spelling  
The word is VIVID  
(V I = 6, D = 500)

How Far to the Station?  
Four miles

P	A	D	R	E	R	A	T
A	C	R	E	S	A	F	E
R	H	I	M	E	T	A	R
E	A	L	T	E	R	S	E
A	T	T	E	R	S	E	E
T	R	A	N	C	E	T	E
L	O	B	T	A	C	I	T
A	B	L	E	T	A	R	E
S	E	E	A	S	P	E	N